

THE BALTIMORE UNDERGROUND JOURNAL

# harry

December 2, 1969

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VOLUME ONE

NUMBER THREE



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Harvey Alexander

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## CAL.'S

## NEXT

## GOV.

## SAYS

## Deal For Real

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by TIMOTHY LEARY

There are three groups who are bringing about the great evolution of the new age that we are going through now. They are the dope dealers, the rock musicians and the underground artists and writers.

Of these three heros, mythic groups, I think the dealers are the most essential and important. In the years to come the television dramas and movies will be making a big thing of the dope dealer of the sixties. He is going to be the Robin Hood, spiritual guerilla, mysterious agent who will take the place of the cowboy hero or the cops and robbers hero. There is nothing really new about this. Throughout human history the shadowy figure of the alchemist, the shaman, the herbalist, the smiling wise man who has the key to turn you on and make you feel good, has always been the center of the religious, esthetic, revolutionary impulse. I think that this is the noblest of all human professions and certainly would like to urge any creative young person sincerely interested in evolving himself and helping society grow to consider this ancient and honorable profession. The paradoxical thing about the righteous dealer is that he is selling you the celestial dream. He is very different from any other merchant because the commodity he is peddling is freedom and joy. You expect your car dealer to drive a good car and you want your clothier to be well dressed and so it logically holds that you expect your righteous dope dealer to radiate exactly that joy and freedom that you seek in his product. So therefore the challenge to the dealer is that not only must his product be pure and spiritual but that he himself must reflect the human light that he represents. Therefore never buy dope, never purchase sacrament from a person that hasn't got the qualities you aspire for.

Rosemary and I just came back from a trip to the Middle East. Naturally we spent most of our time with Sufis, cannabis alchemist, and magicians. It was of great joy for us to see that the Arab dope dealers that we contacted actually did shine forth as the grooviest people you could find. I recall the night we wandered out into the native quarter and found ourselves in a little Bazaar shop in the SOUK talking to a dude named Mohamed who had the reputation among the international set as being the finest dealer in town. We walked into Mohamed's shop and immediately realized that we were stepping onto a psychedelic stage.

Beautiful costumes, gold embroidered vests, dangling, shining jewelry, silver bracelets and what not. The room was a retinal orgasm. Mohamed was standing behind his little desk and he himself, in his grooming and dress was telling you that he was a turned on cat. He was wearing an outrageous shirt. His hair, instead of being close clipped as most arabs have it, was in soul brother natural style and he had a spectacular fluorescent scarf around his neck. I knew that I had seen

him in the market place earlier, weaving his way through the crowd. You knew right away that here was a magician. Here was a guy who was announcing with his mere presence that he was a flipped out dealer in some sort of wondrous magic.

As he sat down, the first thing he did was rummage around in his beautiful leather pouches and started to fill a hash pipe with great skill and dexterity. At the same time he was laying the typical Owsley alchemist rap on us. He was tell-



ing us that he was not a businessman but sent by God to turn people on. His product was not to intoxicate you but to give you what you were looking for - freedom and joy and that indeed his Keef and Hashish were the best in the world. He had different varieties that would turn one on to food, turn you on erotically and give you visual and musical enhancement. All this time his eyes were twinkling and even before partaking of the sacrament one became turned by the man himself. Your trust in his product is therefore greatly enhanced.

The paradox of the dealer is that he must be pure. He must be straight and he must be radiant. The socio-economics of dealing psychedelic dope is extremely curious. Here we have this enormous, billion dollar industry going on in the United States, all of which is essentially run by amateurs. I know no one who has dealt psychedelic drugs over a period of months and survived without being busted or being freaked out who wasn't pure. You have to be pure. You can't be doing it for the money or the power and you can't do it on your own. Most, if not all, righteous dealers work in groups or brotherhoods. This again is the ancient message of the Middle East. The brotherhoods or groups of men who are engaged in this spiritual journey together, which is always, of course, against the law, always has to be illegal and always has to be the object of persecution by Caesar, the Sultan or by the police.

I have spent a lot of my time in the last eight years looking for turned on people, holy men to find out where they were at and to learn from them. I have been in India, Japan, all through the Middle East and Europe. I have talked to the Swamis, the Rishis, the Maharishi and I

can say flatly that the holiest, humorest, healthiest, horniest, handsomest, most saintly group of men that I have met in my life are the righteous dope dealers. They have got to be that way because they have to continue to use their own product. That is one of the interesting psychopharmacological aspects of dope dealing. A dealer has to know his product. He has to know what these different dopes do to his head, otherwise he doesn't know what he is selling. This

ther it is good acid and roughly what the microgram quantity is. This means that he has got to be a master Sufi. The dealer has got to be a completely accurate, straight spiritual detective. He has got to be free of his own hangups. He can't be riddled with paranoias or he is going to take a puff and scream for the psychiatrist. This means by definition that your righteous dealer must have a pure head and a holy heart. Otherwise he is going to be freaked out by his product. It was of great interest for Rosemary and me to discover, after ten years in the psychedelic medicineman business, that increasingly most of our friends turned out to be dealers, which we now see is not accidental but indeed inevitable.

There is a great deal of hypocrisy throughout all levels of the establishment as well as the underground about the dealer. There are many psychedelic liberals who say: 'Well, it's OK for young people to experiment with grass and acid. We don't want to have laws against them, but we should have laws punishing the dealers.' Somehow the dealer is in a lower moral or sociological category. THIS IS PLAIN BUNK. Let's be straight and honest about it. The thirty million people in the United States who are turned on to payshedelic drugs - any one of them has been a passive collaborator in an illegal act and every one of the thirty million people who have used grass or acid in this country in the last few years has got to face up to the fact that it was a righteous and courageous person who took great risks to make the acid or smuggle the cannabis. Not only does it take courage and dedication but it takes skill. After all the amateur LSD chemist has to have the knowhow to spin the molecules together. He has to have the efficiency and organizational ability to bring together a

means that your righteous dope dealer has to know about the effects of acid, mescaline, DMT, Grass and Hashish. He has to be able to break off a little lump of Nepalese Hash, smell it, chew it and light it up and then decide whether it is grade A, B or C. He has got to take an acid tab, swallow it and observe on his own detecting instruments whether it is acid, whe-



INTERVIEW BY JIM MCKINLEY

"Hi, weirdo, I'm your new supplier—groovy, huh!"



NOV 15

## VIEW FROM THE MIDDLE

by STEVE BURNS

There was a new kind of revolution in the streets of Washington. It was a battle of busses: the immense charter rigs that rolled in from Ann Arbor and Chicago at 3 a.m. (Trailways on a peace freak trip - "We've all come to look for America"), the 50 marshalls on their

A feeling of purpose and revolutionary culture grew as momentum built up: the guy from Philadelphia unscrambling the Marshall's Center mess at 4 A.M. - each P.A.'d instruction prefaced with 'Peace, friend...' in a two days without sleep, let's try not to wake the people sleeping on the church pews - voice, people streaming on past the White House in a hailing thunderstorm, and Friday 12 midnight: 150 Marshall trainees floor-sitting knee-to-knee: 'Let's all hold hands for awhile and think silently about why the hell we came to D.C.'

There was co-optation on both sides; the radicals and the liberals were jammed shoulder to shoulder and knee to knee and when the press undercounted, they counted people - not politics. Any situation which combined George McGovern, Timothy Leary, Earl Scruggs, and the cast of *Hair* was obviously a the-



way to Arlington sardined into the dark box of a U-haul truck because their bus never showed, the solid wall of busses blocking the White House from the sea of people flowing up Pennsylvania Avenue, and the electric funky Road Hog bus that brought the Hog Farm from the west coast to help feed Washington like they had at Woodstock.

Within three days an underground beachhead was established amid the incredible chaos of plans that fell through and of plans that weren't made. Somehow things and people came together, and a revolutionary city, with its own communications, transport, housing and food, arose amid the improvisation. Plastic sheeting and bucket toilets to replace the rental johns that popped out, and the off-duty G.I. blasting off on a hairy cycle at midnight in search of a plunger and mop for the overloaded Marshall's center head.

atrical event. The content of the rally was totally irrelevant when compared to the mystical power of a half-million people sitting on the Washington Monument grass and actually listening to a string quartet playing Beethoven!

The reality is that everybody: pacifists, weathermen, grandmother, freaks, and liberals were all in something together; freezing their asses off, experiencing a bit of each other's personalities, sniffing the teargas rolling west on Constitution Avenue, getting paranoid together, and giving the marshalls cookies and bourbon on the way.

A Saturday Mass March sign said, 'The Aquarian Age is Nonviolence' - as the bourbon went down one very hoarse Marshall's throat it felt like the peaceful kingdom had really come to D.C., and that a lot of us had chosen rightly when we said, 'our humanity is our only weapon.'

# No Fish Today



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HARRY

December 2, 1969

## PILOTS FOR PANTHERS

By ELDRIDGE CLEAVER

*LNS (Editor's Note: Preliminary efforts are underway to obtain the release of several Black Panther Party members in exchange for the release of U.S. pilots being held in North Vietnam after being shot down. Rennie Davis and Dave Dellinger of the New Mobilization Committee Against the War in Vietnam stated recently that they would be willing to travel to Hanoi to help arrange such an exchange. Eldridge Cleaver, the Panther Minister of Information (in exile) has had discussions with the Vietnamese about the exchange. No concrete arrangements have been made, however, and the Vietnamese have made no public statement about these proposals. The following is a statement made by Eldridge Cleaver about the exchange and the question of political prisoners.)*

I think that the proposed exchange of prisoners between the government of the United States and the Vietnamese people is a valid proposal, and it's justified on several grounds. Primarily it's justified on the grounds of international proletarian solidarity. Because on the one hand the United States government is waging a genocidal war of aggression against the Vietnamese people, and on the other hand waging a war, a similar type of war with different means, against Black people in the United States, so that both the Vietnamese people and Black people inside of the United States are oppressed by the same enemy. They have this in common, and they're totally justified in cooperating on all levels, not only to bring the war to an end in Vietnam, but also to go even beyond that to the total elimination of the entity that is practicing and perpetuating this aggression.

I don't think that anyone can look upon this proposed exchange of prisoners as a gimmick or as a sham, because we've always known that we are at war with the system that exists in the United States, that has been oppressing us for 400 years.

And Huey P. Newton and Bobby Seale are both political prisoners. Huey Newton is the leader of the Black Panther Party, and he was leading the struggle of

Black people in Oakland, California, against the oppression of the government in Oakland, California. And he was framed and sent to prison specifically because of his political activities. So no one can question that he is a political prisoner, and certainly no one can question that Bobby Seale is a political prisoner. He was very active in organizing demonstrations and protest against the war in Vietnam, and very active in organizing resistance to the oppression of Black people in the United States.

And certainly the American soldiers who are held captive in Vietnam are victims of the vicious political system in the United States, which drafts them against their will and forces them to fight.

So I think that it's a very healthy sign that we are able to get the cooperation of the Vietnamese people in this effort, and it's very good that we are in a position to work with them on this level. I've found the Vietnamese people - and I've talked to them in many countries, their representatives - I've found them to be very warm and humane people, whose primary concern is in communicating with the American people, over the head, or beyond the head, of the American government. They want to make it known that they're interested in stopping the slaughter of their people, and they have no interest in perpetuating these hostilities. It's only the United States government that has an interest in perpetuating the slaughter that's going on in Vietnam.

So I think that his proposed prisoner exchange serves to expose the United States government, because the government response to this proposal is predictable - they will probably try to ignore it.

But I don't think that they will be able to ignore it, because it's a valid proposal, and certainly we could push it all the way - until they are forced to respond to it. Because Huey P. Newton and Bobby Seale are political prisoners, and they come under the valid procedures that have been practiced traditionally in terms of exchange of prisoners. So I would like to see it done.





# WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE

by JACK PATTERSON

Nicholas von Hoffman of the Washington Post said, "It was the best, it was the biggest, it was the last of the antiwar demonstrations," and he may be right on all counts but one...each such mass gathering has been heralded as the last, yet sooner or later the plea comes for "one more."

Circumstances conspired to make this one more "relevant" than even its organizers dreamed. The October 15 Moratorium provided the steam, and Nixon's November 3 non-speech gave it focus.

Instead of a desk full of morning-after telegrams carefully solicited from party faithful, Nixon and the nation woke up on November 15 to a half million living telegrams urging immediate withdrawal. It provided dramatic evidence that this war is now "Nixon's War," that there is a growing number that want it stopped, that the spirit of Woodstock still lives, and that the police when pushed can be made to act like police, in spite of instructions to the contrary.

But what did it mean? What did it accomplish if it didn't move us closer to an end to the war? And where do we go from here?

Nearly everyone agrees that demonstrations like that in Washington accomplish very little more than provide the participants and onlookers with a symbolic rain dance. The march itself is as little related to ending the war as a rain dance is to producing rain. Each is a kind of "false technology." But both are more than that.

The real function of rain making magic is to cheer up the cultivator and bring about a willingness to work harder, bear up under adversity with hope and courage. The primary function of magical practices is to develop and conserve morale.

Peace demonstrations are like that. They act as mass therapy for the immense frustrations felt by those folk who despair of their odds of ending the war. There is at once a "high" and a "low." Beneath the exultation is an intuitive understanding that more is needed. The groping for new approaches, new tactics, new analysis is even more anxiously

pursued following a demonstration than before it.

Just as rain dances tend to become obsolete once the technology of irrigation and conservation develops, so the demonstrations will diminish in importance as a technology of social change is developed which proves adequate to solving the problems of war and poverty.

The Nixon administration made the specter of violence a major motif of the Moratorium and Mobilization alike. They were betrayed by the lack of it at either. In fact, one of the ironies of their attempts to smear the November 15 march as violent is the extraordinary restraint of the violence at Dupont Circle and the Justice Department compared with similar actions that same weekend in Paris and Tokyo.

In Paris, where all demonstrations against the war have been banned (!), over 2,650 arrests were made by club-swinging police on November 15, and in Tokyo, thousands of helmeted students armed with staves, rocks, firebombs and bottles of acid attacked riot police protected by metal shields and special riot clubs. 1,690 were arrested during the five hours of battle.

In retrospect, both the confrontationalists and police in Washington showed considerable restraint compared to their counterparts elsewhere. But that condition cannot last forever, especially when non-violent and limited-violent attempts to communicate are disparaged. Nixon and his spokesmen have issued an invitation to escalate by their refusal to be "moved" and their contempt for those who exercise their constitutional rights to peaceable assembly for redress of grievances. If peaceful demonstrations are ignored, more and more will be tempted to believe that violent ones will not be.

It only takes a pentagon-shaped mind to conclude that more and more force, or "militancy," is needed 'til we see the friendly "light at the end of the tunnel."

Clearly, for many, the role of violence in demonstrations has changed from scenes of the civil rights struggle in which demonstrators were the receivers of violence to increasing scenes of demonstra-

tors as the initiators of violence. An important question to ask is whether this shift is an indicator of strength or weakness, creativity or conformity to the same arguments that the opposition has used to no avail for years.

In place of demonstrators as receivers of violence, there may be an increase in violence directed toward others in the form of more aggressive actions in which preparations for violence on both sides will be commonplace. It is conceivable that such actions could escalate quickly from the use of rocks to the use of acid bombs (*ala* Tokyo) and guns, given a continuation of the war and a growth of rage and the sense of impotence.

Another possibility is that a failure of public actions will lead to the rise of secret small group and individual actions including kidnapping, sabotage (the New York City bombings are the most recent evidence of this), and even assassination.

There may even be a tendency toward self-directed violence like the two teenage suicides in New Jersey during the October 15 Moratorium.

There will be attempts by pacifists and others non-violently inclined to influence the nature of future actions by their presence, where the possibility of violence is high (as at Ft. Dix) and also by example. The most recent draft-file destruction actions are attempts to do without violence what others seek to do violently. Beginning as symbolic gestures ("some property has no right to exist") whose primary purpose was a moral communication with the public, there is increasing attention being paid to the success of the destruction itself. Recent actions have emphasized the thorough manner in which all relevant files, cross-re-

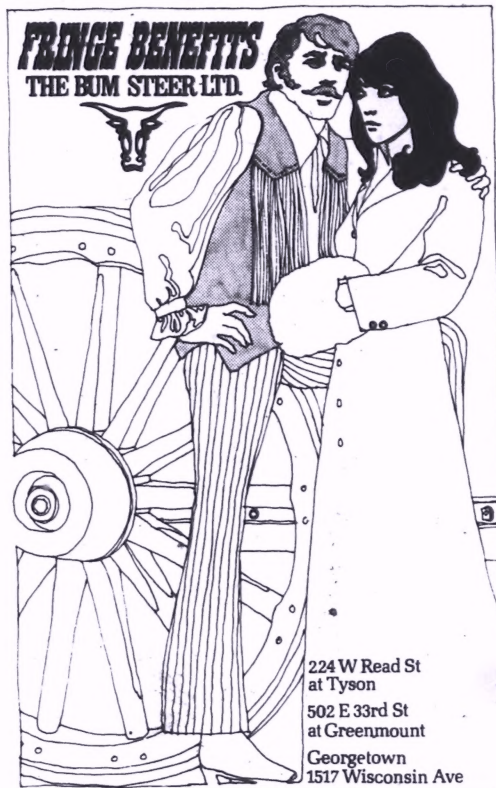
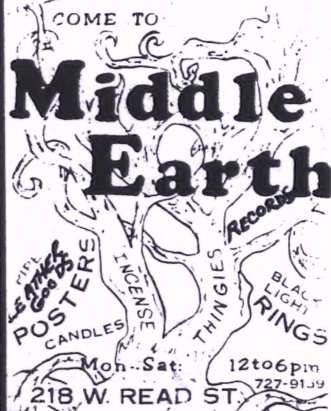
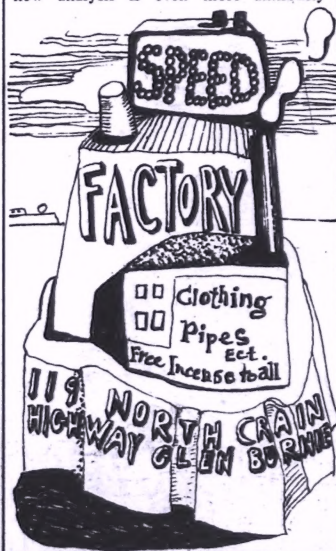
ferences, etc. were destroyed, thus immobilizing that portion of Selective Service. This is a form of nonviolent sabotage beyond symbolic witness.

The possible trends I've discussed above may not characterize the dominant direction of movement actions in the future. The growing desire for a "technology" of social change may make the demonstration as vital to peace makers as the rain dance was to rain makers.

The shift of focus from government, especially evident since Washington, to a focus on people will have an important effect on the direction and style of future actions. New forms may come into being which transcend the pitfalls of past actions and the extremes of groups like the Weathermen whose approach to the problem of communicating with people shows all the perceptivity of a dead otter.

Those on a revolutionary trajectory, whether there is a revolutionary possibility or not, will concentrate on organizing workers and Third World peoples around issues of imperialism, while others, less alienated from the forms of representative democracy, whether or not that system is open to change, will seek to reach professionals and the main stream organizational world on issues like the priority of urban needs over military spending.

With a Left in ideological disarray, there may be more energy placed on building movement than on movement-building. A time of experimentation may lead us beyond alienation to positive modes of change-making in which "demonstrations" are but one of many tools available.



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## LONG HAIR IN CHICAGO

CHICAGO[LNS]— Michael Hage was tossed out of Morton West High School last month because school officials didn't approve of his long hair. Now the school superintendent, vice principal and other officials have to appear in court to answer a suit being filed by the American Civil Liberties Union.

Jay A. Miller, a local ACLU official, said, "We are shocked that high schools, and even junior high schools, have been flagrantly defying court decisions, which explicitly state that high school students are not second class citizens and that all rights guaranteed by the United States Constitution apply to high school students."

Morton West High School has not only gone after Michael Hage, but after his parents too. The school board has threatened the Hages with prosecution under an Illinois statute which states that parents are responsible for the truancy of their children. The Hages defend their son's right to wear his hair as he pleases.

Michael, who plays with the Bare Wires Blues Band, was suspended from school on the basis of his violation of a school dress code, which stipulates, among other things, "the hair style should be one that is clean, neat, and trimmed; out of the eyes, no longer than the bottom of the ear...."

The ACLU suit details a series of Constitutional violations implicit in the dress code, arguing that the code denied Hage's right to privacy, personal liberty, property, and free speech.

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## YWCA TURNS ON

EAST LANSING, Michigan [LNS-CPS]— The Young Adult Conference of the Young Women's Christian Association has endorsed legalization of marijuana and has called for using YWCA facilities for the dispensation of birth control aids to married and single women alike.

In addition, the "Y" members, all under 35 years of age, came out for the repeal of all abortion laws, in favor of anti-war demonstrations and for black self determination.

HARRY

## JUSTICE DEPT RALLIES TO CAUSE OF DECENCY

by ART LEVINE

Ten original paintings and drawings from a large private collection of erotic art by such masters as Rembrandt, Picasso, Dali, and Chagall have been seized by United States customs agents in Baltimore.

A Justice Department lawyer, who acknowledged the seizure here November 4, said yesterday that the government plans to seek authority early next week in Federal Court to destroy the ten seized works and to deny entry to the United States for the rest of the collection.

From the Baltimore Sun of Nov. 22, 1969

John Mitchell was sitting at his desk, flipping through old copies of *Dude*, *Cavalier*, and *Swank* magazines. In front of him was his assistant, Richard Kleindeinst. "Hey, Dick," Mitchell said, "look at the tits on this one! Isn't it disgusting?" Mitchell eagerly displayed a full-color pin-up of Cindy VaVoom, as Kleindeinst leaned closer, spittle forming at the corners of his mouth. "Yup, she sure got a pair of knockers on her," Kleindeinst exclaimed, "we gotta do something about this here pornography." Mitchell nodded in agreement, and continued leafing through the thick stack of magazines piled high on his desk, stopping only to wipe the sweat off his brow. Kleindeinst picked up a copy of the New York Times Magazine Section, and began examining the panty and girdle ads. "Those liberal Eastern newspapers have been getting away with murder, John," Kleindeinst remarked. "I think it's about time we clamp down on them." "That's not the American way, you know," Mitchell responded, winking slyly, "we give them a chance to reform themselves - and then we move in. You know what I mean?" Kleindeinst let out with a loud laugh.

"Hey John," Kleindeinst said, "did you hear about that weirdo couple in Paris who've been trying to bring one million dollars worth of filthy, communistic art into the country?" Mitchell looked up, and Kleindeinst continued, "well, to test us out, they're gonna send in ten original paintings worth maybe around \$7,000 at the port of Baltimore. I think we oughta do something about it."

"You're damn straight we're going to do something about it," Mitchell said, as he pressed the buzzer for his secretary. His secretary, who bore a striking resemblance to Mrs. Mitchell, walked in slowly, patting her teased blonde hair into place. "Listen, babe, get me the United States Attorney in Baltimore," Mitchell said. Mitchell turned to Kleindeinst and asked, "What's that fella's name again?"

"Sachs. Steven H. Sachs," Kleindeinst said.

"Sounds Jewish to me," Mitchell said.

"And what's worse, he's a Democrat," Kleindeinst responded. Mitchell grabbed the phone, and began speaking in loud, harsh tones. "Listen, Sachs, there's a bunch of porno art that's coming in and I want you to seize it. Okay?..... So what if it's got ancient Chinese, Japanese, and Indian paintings? It's dirt, isn't it? And if it's dirt, I want you to go to a Federal Court and get the

goddam authority to burn the paintings, and deny entry to the rest of the collection..... Now wait a minute, pal, I don't want you giving me any of the 'Art' nonsense. I don't care if fuckin' Picasso is in the collection..... Oh he is?..... Well, everybody knows he's a Commie anyway..... Look, Sachs, if Franco won't let him back into Spain, then we don't want to have anything to do with him. Ya understand?..... Whattya mean you think the whole thing is unconstitutional?..... Look, buddy, after Nixon gets through with the court, you're going to be unconstitutional, so you had just better watch your step. Understand?..... Listen Sachs, don't call me a Fascist, or your ass will be grass!

All I have to do is make a few calls and you won't even be able to run for dogcatcher, let alone that Congressional seat you've got the hots for..... If you don't handle this, you bastard, you will be SCREWED..... Okay, mack, so you won't handle the case, but I'll tell you just one thing - you had better be mighty careful in filling out your tax forms, or the Internal Revenue Service is gonna screw you to the wall. To the fuckin' wall!" Mitchell slammed down the receiver, and glared at Kleindeinst.

"That Heeb motherfucker! He wouldn't handle the case. And calling me a Fascist on top of it all!" Mitchell shouted, his face reddening.

Kleindeinst attempted to reassure him, "Don't let it worry you, John. We can get some wimpy Justice Department lawyer to handle the case."

Mitchell calmed down for a moment, loosened his tie, and said, "Yeah. But I don't want a goddam revolt of the lawyers like Jerris Leonard got in the Civil Rights division. It's getting to be a royal pain in the ass with all these fancy-pants lawyers always mouthing off about 'civil liberties.' They don't seem to get it through their thick Jewish heads that we are dealing with crime and immorality that's getting out of hand."

"I've got just the man for you," Kleindeinst said, "his name is Mahoney. Robert G. Mahoney."

"Thank God he's Irish," Mitchell said, as he picked up the phone.

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While Rembrandt Burns

# Peep Shows in Baltimore

by JEAN-JAQUES FLINT

The film-strip peep shows now operating around Baltimore in nudie magazine store back rooms are, in addition to being fairly stimulating, fascinating as manifestations of the almost comical esthetic standards that guide commercial pornography production. They are also quite educational — in a field where ignorance is still widely prevalent.

Most of the peep show machines in this area require a quarter in the slot for two or three minutes of viewing. Each machine usually incorporates three or four three-minute silent-movie segments of the same episode involving the same person or persons performing in a progressively erotic manner. For example: a girl appears in underwear in the first two-bit segment; takes her clothes off, lies down on a bed and fondles her breasts and buttocks in the second segment; then wiggles her crotch and shows her teeth as if in climax in the final segment.

In some, two or more girls appear and fondle each other. In others, men appear and carry on with the girl or girls.

The whole show costs a patron 75 cents — unless he is familiar with the esthetics of commercial pornography and happens to see the second or third segments when he inserts his first quarter. Then he may buy a faint erection for 50 cents, or even 25 cents. It's difficult, though, to know when the show has run its course: will the next episode go even further? So the peep show patron usually inserts another quarter, and another and another, until he has seen the first episode twice and he knows he has seen the socko finish. He may be slightly angry because the machines don't label the segments chronologically. But he is not apt to complain. In the Baltimore area, he is apt to be a businessman who is slightly ashamed of what he's doing. And he is apt to feel, on reflection, that he 'rot his money's worth: he can think about the movie later and masturbate while on the toilet; or he can denounce peep shows as 'disgusting' when he's swilling beer with his fellow service club members; or, if he's a liberal, he can denounce pornography as 'degrading to sex.'

Or he may learn something — a trick or two that will increase his pleasure — and his partner's — when next he screws his wife or his girl friend. The whores and hip types who perform in peep-show film strips have devoted a lot more time to sex than your average American. They display numerous techniques that are worth knowing, especially in connection with the important period of erotic play that (usually) should precede the cock-in-cunt finale of straight intercourse. The peep shows show a man how to massage

and lick a woman's nipples, how to knead her buttocks and thighs, how to tongue-kiss her, how to chew on her fingers and ear lobes, how to kiss her stomach, how to lead up to cunnilingus. How many men are really good at that sort of thing? How many wives and mistresses, et al. would be better satisfied — happier, if you will — if their men were good at that sort of thing?

by a close-up on her face.) Next: two or more naked girls stroking each other's breasts and thighs, kissing each other's nipples and mounting each other. Next: a naked girl or girls with a man or men in shorts, with assorted nipple play, caressing and mounting without intercourse.

The limit shown in Baltimore so far incorporates a shot of a man on his back

Photograph by GLENN EHASZ



Most women could profit by seeing peep shows, although women are barred from the peep-show rooms of most of the nudie-mag shops around Baltimore. (At some shops, the films may be rented, for steep prices, for private showing.) Your average American wife or girl friend (perhaps your average European and African and Asian wife and girl friend, too) doesn't know how to present her snatch, how to present her breasts, how to chew on a man's chest, how to grab him with her legs — and so on. The pros in the peep shows could show her a thing or two, which, if she learned and applied, might make her more mature, might, — if you will — make life worth living. Pornography, after all, is still one of the principal sources of sexual instruction for people, aside from trial and error and hearsay.

The peep shows around Baltimore don't show everything — not by a long chalk. Some episodes are a great deal more daring than others, though. It appears in fact, that peep-show films are made in categories according to some formal scale of eroticism that ranges from the Hays Office puritanism that prevailed in commercial Hollywood movies in the 1930s to the anything-goes standards of stag movies. The tamest peep-show category is comparable to the Playboy Magazine gatefold — girls with bare breasts and bottoms, but never a public hair in sight. Next category: naked women with their legs apart, cunts writhing in close-up. Next: the same with a suggestion of masturbation or use of a dildo (suggested only

in a bed, presumably being blown by a girl whose head goes up and down over his cock — with details completely obscured by a big vase of translucent liquid that sits on a table between the couple and the camera.

At most Baltimore peep show rooms, the films are changed every week or so. (Office workers around North Avenue and Charles Street can tell you the exact day the new movies are due in the nudie mag shops in that area.) The shows are pro-

gressively more erotic with each change and may be showing finger fucking by this time. At this writing, though, none of the performers had touched a genital area — his or her's or anyone else's. Nipples are shown in erection, and cunts appear to dilate. But pricks are always limp, no matter how frantic the action otherwise. One wonders if the movies are photographed in groups according to category, with the director saying: 'All right, people! Today we do category 3 — kissing and tit rubbing, but that's it!'

Or — do they shoot the scene chronologically, from taking off the clothes to orgasms, then clip the film and distribute the episodes according to category? Categories 1 and 2 to the Middle West; Categories 3 through 7 to Baltimore. Categories 7 through 69 to the stag film dealers.

Are peep shows pornographic? In the old sense of that word, they surely are pornographic: they appeal to purient interest and have no 'redeeming social va-

lue' in the puritanical definition that equates social value with little or no public attention to sex. But the peep shows are being shown — have been shown to adult males in Baltimore for almost a year; somebody must believe they're legal. The legal situation in respect to 'obscenity' is vague in the United States at the moment. But public attention to sex is not so vague in the United States as it was only a few years ago. Sex is O.K. nowadays. If the peep shows are eventually outlawed, they will be bootlegged to the considerable public that will pay to see them. During Prohibition, some of the very best people said: 'You can't legislate morality.'



THERE'S A NEW BOOT SHOP IN TOWN  
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Carrying boots & walking shoes for the hardnosed-  
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243 W. Read at Tyson

Bell Bottoms, Body Shirts, Turle necks, Belts, Boots, Shoes,  
Fat Ties, European Suits, Elephant Pants, Etc., Etc., Etc.

**KRACKERJACKS**



# RENNIE DAVIS RAPS ON CONSPIRACY

by LARRY BENSKY

Chicago (LNS) — The Chicago Eight (minus Bobby Seale) came back to Judge Hoffman's airtight justice chamber for another whiff of America after speaking engagements around the country at Moratorium/Mobilization demonstrations.

The judge had threatened to deny them the right to travel and speak, and was only persuaded to release Jerry Rubin from jail by some tortured mental process which then allowed him to cite Rubin for contempt. (Jerry's crime was leaving the courtroom fifteen minutes early one day last week with his lawyers' approval, during testimony which did not concern him.)

All the defendants have now been cited for 'contumacious conduct,' as have their lawyers. By the time the trial ends, the four years which Bobby Seale is serving for asking for a lawyer or the right to defend himself may not be the longest sentence.

Rennie Davis, who spoke at the San Francisco mobilization, estimates that he and Dave Dellinger, who spoke in Washington, have two years' worth coming. And the trial isn't yet half over.

The day after the mobilization, Rennie shared some of his ideas about the trial and the movement:

"The police literally control the courtroom: everybody that they trot out gets money for their testimony. It's not that it's just an armed camp, it's that the judge, prosecution and witnesses are all government employees.

"There are very few overt acts ever mentioned. The government's case basically is that a handful of leaders got together and made what happened in Chicago occur; that we basically tried to manipulate innocent people in Chicago to perform illegal acts; and that this was why they had to create a police state in Chicago.

"Our defense is, first of all, to focus on the intentions of not only the defendants, but everyone who came to Chicago. We will bring in expert witnesses on imperialism, racism, youth culture, and the Democratic Party. The area we'll concentrate on is our politics: what's the crisis about, what's the showdown about, what's the contest about, in this decade. Judge Hoffman will obviously throw a lot of that out since he's not interested in hearing what really went on, but we'll get

the word out through press conferences.

The defense plans to summon Mayor Daley and President Johnson to testify on why and how permits to sleep in the parks and march peacefully to the Democratic convention site were denied.

"The judge will be very confused about the Johnson decision," Davis says, "because on the one hand he'll get orders from the Justice Department to squash the subpoenas, but on the other hand his own ego is such that he will love the idea of Lyndon Johnson sitting at his elbow in the courtroom. But we have evidence that what was planned in Chicago was directly decided from the White House, and under normal courtroom rules Johnson should have to testify.

Closely connected with what's happening in Judge Hoffman's courtroom is the effort by the defendants to organize opposition to the trial's obvious horrors. This effort includes a 'Stop the Trial' campaign, led by lawyers, students and all others directly affected.

According to Davis, "Our strategy has to be to create a situation where Nixon pleads to get out of the situation, where the embarrassment to justice, the cost of turning more and more people against the administration, is so great that he'll be forced to call it off."

"There's no indication at this point that the government wants a mistrial or to get out of it. They seem more con-

vinced than ever that we're very dangerous people and are behind all the things going down, including the Moratorium. Their strategy is to sentence us to ten years, deny us appeal bonds, keep us locked up while the appeal is going on, and then (for a lot of reasons) to stack the Supreme Court sufficiently to uphold the Riot Law under which we were charged. And, also, to railroad Bobby Seale to the electric chair.

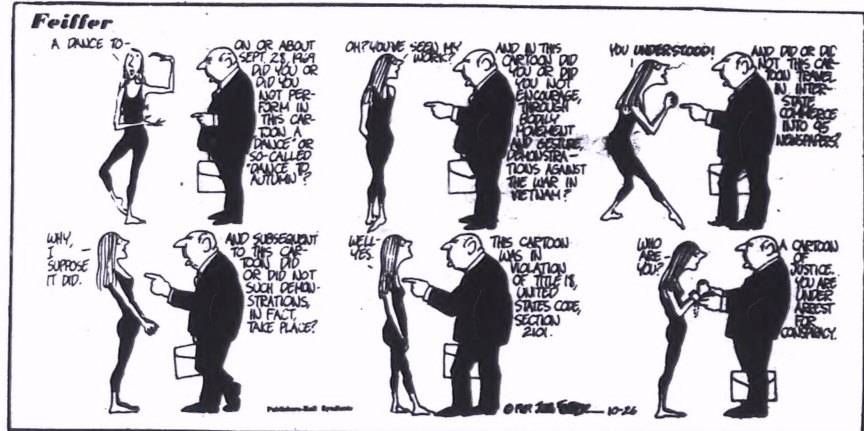
What can be done about this? Davis believes that a conceptual change in the Movement is necessary to confront the repression and its very real threats. "We have to try to think our way through to a political concept for the 1970s. We have been basically a protest movement in the 1960s, starting out asking for the vote and a hamburger and a test ban treaty, and all the response we've gotten to petitions and demonstrations and marches have been Mace and clubs and denial of permits, or pacification. If you count the concrete victories, you can count them on one hand.

"What we have is the beginning of a new political consciousness, a potentially revolutionary culture, or at least a culture that separates itself from the Guy Lombardo culture of Nixon and Agnew; and a

sense of being apart from the rest of the United States. We need now some kind of conception that sees ourselves as a new nation, as an entity within the dying empire, that more clearly defines our politics, our culture, our humanism - what it means to be a revolutionary man and woman.

"At the end of the trial, when Nixon is trying to teach the country what happens to people who engage in protest activities, our idea is literally to launch ourselves conceptually into the Seventies. The trial will conclude this decade, and the government will be seen to be putting on trial every disparate strand of social protest from Panthers to pacifists. When the jury goes out, we hope we will have churches and community centers and universities where people in the Movement can come together not only to protest the fascism which the government is resorting to in political trials, but to project the concept of a new nation meeting as the 1970s opens up.

"What ever takes place when the jury comes back in should be decided at those meetings, locally. For some it will be vigils, for others petitions, for others more Yippie-oriented freak-outs, and for some, I guess, the sky's the limit."

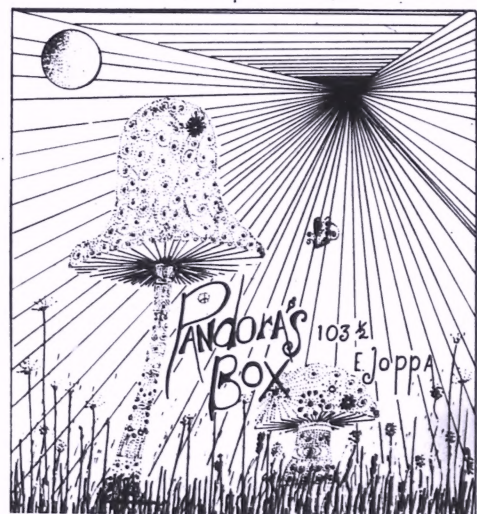


## 5 WILL GET YOU 10

Five bucks will get you the following:

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- 2) Comic Book: Conspiracy Capers
- 3) Two World Series of Injustice Tickets
- 4) Chicago Conspiracy Booster Button
- 5) Screw Magoo Button
- 10) Ten years in the Bull Pen for attempting to JOIN THE CONSPIRACY!

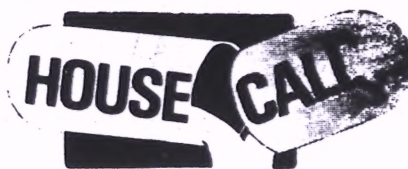
All profits go toward legal expenses for the Chicago Conspiracy trial. Make checks payable to The Conspiracy, 28 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill. 60604.





# BOOK REVIEW

## WOODSTOCK NATION



by MICHAEL WEISS

WHAT ... KIND ... OF ... REVOLUTION ... IS ... THIS ... ANYWAY? Hnuh? I mean, what kind of revolution is this that's fun? FUN? Was Robespierre a good time Charlie? What kind of revolution is this, where the leaders don't? George Washington, did he ever, do you think, turn to Patrick Henry and come on like, 'I don't know, Pat, whatta you wanna do tonight?' Confusion, that's a hell of a way to run a revolution. Anybody who's not confused, he's on the other side. I mean, what kind of revolution is this anyway? No cigarettes for dying friends, grimacing tight lip to their graves. Joints for living friends. Outtasight. OUTTASIGHT? Whaa?

'The hope is the PIG NATION cannot endorse what happened up in WOODSTOCK NATION,' Abbie Hoffman writes in his new book. 'The hope is that they can never even figure out what happened until it's too late. The hope is that the Pig is too dumb to dig the scene.'

Listen, Abbie, didn't your teachers tell you that history clearly demonstrates that ... America has a manifest destiny ... that blacks are happy, carefree and lazy ... that World War I was fought to put an end to war ... that Vietnam is being fought by a peace loving democratic people against the forces of godless communism ... that ... revolutions are fought by brighteyed, serious, upright men with guns and blood and generals and ... didn't they teach you anything, Abbie?

It's like, well ... like books. Books are written arduously, Abbie, with painstaking care. They are written at desks, with typewriters. Books are NOT written 'lying on the floor in an office of the publisher, flying high on adrenalin, excitement, no sleep, rock music (Canned Heat, Blind Faith, The Band, MCS, Creedence Clearwater Revival, Moby Grape, Bob Dylan, Rolling Stones, Big Brother and the Holding Company, Jimi Hendrix) and pot.' They are not written in five days, Abbie, and they do not say on the back cover, 'Steal this book.'

"The medium is the mess." - Abbie Hoffman.

"Forms and rhythms in music are never changed without producing changes in the most important political forms and ways." - Plato.

Listen, Abbie, it's this way - you are a lazy hippie. Hippies never DO anything. They do not make revolutions.

"In the year following Chicago, I too tried to experiment: a book and a

half, three quick movies ... I also did a unique Yippie calendar, ten or so street theatre events, wasted time battling SDS, had hepatitis and almost died, flew about 80,000 miles, spent a lot of time in court ... helped paint the apartment, take out the garbage and cooked a lot ... In between I managed to write about 30 articles ... and a few children's stories ... founded the Movement Speaker's Bureau ... took about 20 acid trips ... managed to get busted only 10 times ... and also quit smoking.'

Well, if you accomplished so much, Hoffman, you must be on the OTHER SIDE' Because nobody who keeps so busy can possibly be confused, and anybody who isn't confused, Abbie, is THE ENEMY'.

'During the past few years I have straddled the line between 'the movement' and 'the community,' between 'the left' and 'the hip,' between the world of 'the street' and the world of 'media.' I have doubts that I can go on balancing these forces in my head much longer.'

Fine. Okay ... alright. But what does this have to do with Woodstock, with that carnival of dope and mud, with that howling, naked senseless celebration of self indulgence? The book, Abbie, you called it 'Woodstock Nation,' remember?

'God, I'll tell you something I learned up there in WOODSTOCK NATION - nobody knew where the fuck anything was, not even WOODSTOCK NATION. Like Pete Seeger said, 'If you were gonna join it, you had to join it by yourself.' Figuring out how to get in and out of the whole thing was a problem as old as Western Civilization and as modern as the traffic jam scenes in Jean Luc-Godard's 'Weekend.' You entered at the End of Reason, of that I was sure. At least I was consistently sure of that. Which is not bad considering I ain't sure of anything else about that mind blower. I ain't sure of nothing at all.'

Ahh. It's beginning to come together. If you enter WOODSTOCK NATION at the end of reason, stoned, unsure, fearful, but having a good time because, you got there by yourself, then ... you're a ... REVOLUTIONARY?

'I emerged exhausted, broke, and bleeding from the WOODSTOCK NATION. It was an awesome experience but one that made me have a clearer picture of myself as a cultural revolutionary - not a political revolutionary. Political revolution leads people into support for other revolutions rather than having them get involved in making their own. Cultural revolution requires people to change the way they live and act in the revolution rather than pass judgement on how other folks are proceeding. The cultural view creates outlaws, politics breeds organizers ... I feel certain I have emerged a cultural revolutionary concerned with building and defending the new NATION that gave us a glimpse of its beauty on the shores of White Lake in the Catskill mountains.'

Alright, Abbie. Is there anything else?

'WE ARE THE FUTURE.'

by STEPHEN HOWARD, M.D.

(Send your questions to HOUSE CALL, HARRY, 233 East 25th Street, Baltimore, Maryland 21218. Names and addresses will not be printed, but should be included, so that questions not used in the paper may be answered personally.)

Q. I am a 24-year-old college graduate, and have been homosexual for almost ten years. In the last few years I have had two affairs with girls and enjoyed them both, but I still think I like guys better. I'm not sure if I want to change and am having trouble making up my mind - it's very confusing. Also I'm not sure if it is possible. What do you think I should do? Please help.

A. The word 'homosexual' describes a pattern of behavior and tells little about the person involved. Psychologically, this behavior may indicate a problem, or an emotional disease, or perhaps simply a way of life. It is often difficult to decide which of these applies to a given individual. There are many causes of this behavior, and many different personalities among homosexual individuals.

As to whether it is possible to change, the answer is: yes, sometimes. That depends on personality, age, training, causes of the homosexuality, the person's deep attitudes toward sex and members of the opposite sex, and - most importantly - the person's desires and motivations for change. In your own case, since you are actually bisexual (capable of enjoying relations with both sexes) rather than exclusively homosexual, and since you are questioning the idea of change, I would suspect that some change is indeed possible. With the help of a good psychiatrist, one of three changes might occur: you might become more comfortable and happy with your bisexual behavior, you might find that you mostly like girls but don't want to give up men entirely, or you may even find yourself becoming completely heterosexual. The outcome would be mainly determined by your own motivations and personality, and a good psychiatrist would help you find the solutions which was best for you.

The other big question is whether a homosexual SHOULD try to change. I can only answer that this depends very much on the individual. Some people seem to be very happy and comfortable this way, with no desire or reason to change; this is obviously their own business and not a medical problem, and as long as they create no disturbance to others they should be left alone to live their own way.

On the other extreme are those who are very unhappy and have a strong desire for change; these people are at best maladjusted and at worst very ill, and deserve and should seek help. With good treatment this group can often be greatly benefited. Many of them will find that their homosexuality is a symptom of other hidden neurotic or character problem, and if this problem can be treated they usually become happily hetero. Others will find that their homosexuality is a deep and intrinsic part of their per-

sonality; the usual goal of treatment here should be to help the individual adjust and learn to live happily with his own personality and way of life.

I know that some people will disagree - perhaps violently - with much of what I am saying here. I can only answer that it is my own view that the physician's job is not to cram everyone into the same social mold, but to help every individual find himself and live as creative and full a life as possible, whether or not that fits with his culture's idea of what is 'normal.' I would like to quote the statement of one lady in London when the writer Oscar Wilde was on trial for his own homosexual behavior. Asked her opinion of the whole business, she replied, 'I don't care what they do, so long as they don't do it in the street and frighten the horses.'

To return to your own problem: your feelings about your own sexual inclinations seem to be very mixed, and consequently your views of yourself are confused and perhaps unhappy. I would suggest that you consult a psychiatrist for the purpose of sorting out your own emotions and the reasons behind them. This

done, you and he can then make a reasonable decision as to whether any further treatment is indicated, and if so, what the aims of this treatment should be.

Q. I'm an 18 year old female. About 2 weeks ago I shot a 25 mg Seconal with a disposable 26 1/2 insulin syringe. Everything was ok until about 1 day later when my arm was very sore and red. The red is gone, but now I have a great big hard lump (size of a quarter) and a very sore forearm - it runs down the vein. It feels like a very bad bruise and hurts when I touch it lightly or extend my arm. I'm very scared and I don't know what to do. Please answer.

A. What has happened to you is one of the biggest dangers of shooting a drug intravenously - it sounds like you have developed an infection and inflammation of the vein and of the area around it, perhaps with an abscess. This should be treated right away, before it develops any serious complications.

A mild case can be treated with hot soaks, for 15 minutes at least four times a day. But your case sounds more than mild, and probably needs penicillin or some other antibiotic therapy. An abscess would need to be lanced. Don't try to treat yourself - get to a doctor right away. If you are worried about his being too straight, you can always tell him that you jabbed your arm with a sewing needle. But it would be much better to tell him the truth; even if he disapproves, professional ethics should require him to keep anything you tell him a secret.

Q. Can you get V.D. on a toilet seat?

A. That depends on what you're doing on the toilet seat. You can do it, but I'd think it would be a rather uncomfortable position.

FREE KIM AGNEW







# ON THE STREET

by JOLLY

Informed sources report that evil, unscrupulous dope pushers are forcing the following mind-destroying drugs upon unsuspecting users at the following exorbitant prices:

**GRASS:** Probably due to the scare tactics involved in the famous border crackdown, good Mexican weed is in short supply, although some good smoke from south of the border was available in September. Recently, domestic grass has been in plentiful supply, with the traditional fall harvest influx from the Midwest. This variety can be recognized by its being packed loosely (in bags) rather than being pressed in "kis." A lot of this grass consists mainly of tops and is pretty free of seeds and stalks. If dried carefully, it gives a good high (when smoked). Definitely not a burn, but not Gold either.

Prices: \$15/oz.  
\$110-125/lb.  
\$200-225/ki.

**HASH:** Strangely enough for Baltimore, hash has been scarce indeed recently, with the notable exception of some very rare red stuff, of which a limited supply (2-3 kis) reached town - not through the port, as usual, but from New York. Its appearance is that of reddish-brown clay. I never touch the stuff myself (my asthma, you know), but I received the impression that it was very strong by second-hand information (my first hand having disappeared somewhere).

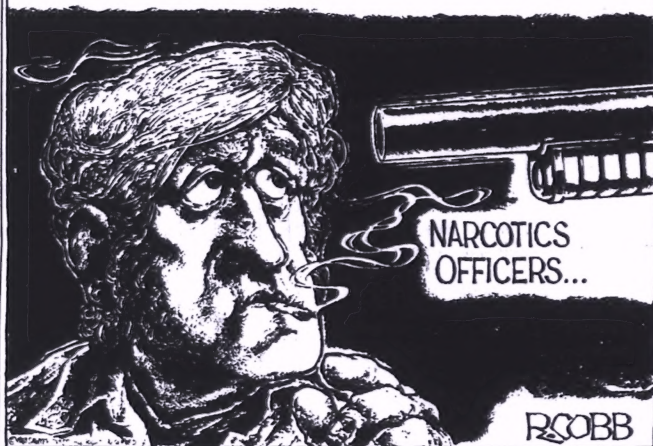
Prices: \$60/ 1/2 oz.  
\$110/oz.  
\$800-1000/lb.

**ACID (LSD and/or other stuff):** Acid has been in plentiful supply in this town ever since Spring. Very strong and plenty of it. It has been mostly in tablet form, with the exception of some mediocre blotter stuff. One notable variety has been the justly named Sunshine, of which a large batch has appeared every 2-3 weeks since Spring. This stuff must really get around, if references in the Rock music of the last year are any indication. Sunshine has been consistently potent, and relatively cheap (often even free!). Another variety to be looked for is put up on multi-colored tabs, and while being just as strong as the sunshine, seems to include fewer impurities. Rated a BEST BUY.

N.B. Don't be fooled into believing that what you are buying is pure acid, whatever your dealer may claim. In all likelihood, with street acid this just isn't so.

Price: \$1.75-1.85 in quantity  
singles, 50-75 more.

## A RISING NEW CAUSE OF SEVERE BRAIN DAMAGE:



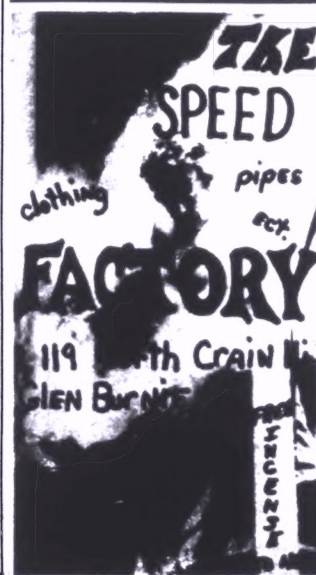
**THC(synthetic):** That which is sold under this name seems merely to be small doses of the above.

**SPEED(meth):** Unless you're a student cramming for exams and have to read *The Divine Comedy* in one night, this drug has no uses. It is both psychologically and physiologically addictive. Stay away from it.

**LCD:** A new psychedelic on the market. (commonly known as "Base"). Its effects are similar in certain important respects to Hoffman's discovery. As yet very little is known about it. It's not illegal yet, but try it anyway. A lot has been seen in Baltimore, and as soon as I find out more about its source and chemical structure, I'll let you know. Right now it's almost being given away, priced at under two dollars for six hits.

**MESCALINE:** I am unconvinced that what is sold today as mescaline is actually that. The caps and powders which are sold as "synthetic mescaline" (AMT) are most likely PCP (phenol-cyclo-papaverine) combined with anything from meth to strychnine. A groovy high, but PCP has been known to cause lesions on the brain with continued use, which would explain the freak-out that many dealers in this drug have undergone. Take peyote, if you can find it, but stay away from this other stuff.

**PEANUT BUTTER:** Both creamy and crunchy are good trips, but only when taken orally. Most heads prefer the crunchy. Still illegal in the Midwest. Average price: \$1/ki. If you like peanuts, you'll love Skippy.



Leary

Contd. from page 3

laboratory in secret and perform a minor chemical miracle. This requires a heavy together sort of person. I think it is a moral exercise that every one of the thirty million who are using psychedelic drugs should take a turn at dealing. I think it is almost symbolically necessary that sometimes in your spiritual-psychedelic career that you do DEAL. Not for the money but simply to pay tribute to this most honorable profession.

I remember talking recently to a group of clear eyed, smiling, beautiful dealers. They were young men in their twenties, as all dealers have to be young. At that time their life situation was close to perfect. They were living together with their families in nature and there was no reason for them to leave the country on one of these thrilling missions. They were planning another scam. I asked them, 'Why are you doing it? You know that at this particular time, with the Nixon administration waging all out war on the kids, with the aid of border guards, secret agents, it's just not a cool time to do it. You have got all the land and dope to center your own lives. Why take the chances?' They thought for a minute and their answer was interesting. 'We deal because that's our thing. We believe that dope is the hope of the human race, it is a way to make people free and happy. We wouldn't feel good just sitting here smoking the dope we have and saving our souls knowing that there are thirty million kids that need dope to center themselves. Our lives have been saved from the plastic nightmare because of dope and we would feel selfish if we just stayed here in our beautiful utopia. Our brothers and sisters out there should be as liberated and loving as we are.' As far as the police network that is being built up against them, they just laughed 'We are smarter and wiser than the FBI, the CIA and the Narcotics Bureau put together. We have to be. We just can't admit defeat just because they have more and more equipment against us.'

There was no use for me to argue with that point of view and then they took off for the Middle East with my blessings.

I think of the most remarkable acid chemists. Ones, who arranged their laboratories like shrines. They pray constantly while performing their chemical miracle, that the acid they are making will bring freedom and liberation to the people who will take it. Praying that there will be no bad trips and paranoias in the mysterious molecules that they were brewing.

The acid chemist is in a particularly vulnerable position because you can't make acid without being constantly exposed to this powerful molecule. You have to get high. They are floating on 10,000 mikes while performing their magic. They have got to be pure. They have got to be centered to accomplish their technical achievement. I don't know of one successful psychedelic chemist who doesn't have a feeling about how he does it. None who doesn't attempt to purify his mind of negative thinking and who doesn't believe that the acid is influenced by the spiritual and psychic status of those who make and distribute it.

I don't know one righteous and successful dealer who doesn't. Don't ever buy grass or acid from a dealer who doesn't lay a prayer on you while he takes your money.

IT'S POWERFUL MEDICINE  
IT'S MAGIC AND IT HAS GOT TO  
BE TREATED THAT WAY.



# NEW HAVEN MARCH

Free Our Sisters, Free Ourselves  
A report on New Haven 11/22/69

by MARILYN PURPEL MARCUS

A coalition of Black Panthers and members of Women's Liberation staged an inspiring demonstration Nov. 22 in New Haven in support of Black Panther women in prison. Thousands of women and men marched through the crowded downtown streets of New Haven on a Saturday afternoon and staged a militant rally in front of the courthouse. About 50 Baltimore people - Black Panthers, members of Women's Liberation, and the Baltimore Defense Committee, and the National Welfare Rights Organization - went to New Haven for the action.

Led by members of the National Welfare Rights Organization, the march was made up of some 5,000 black and white radicals. The women marched and rallied separately from the men, many carrying banners reading 'Free our sisters, Free ourselves.' This was the first large action by members of Women's Liberation, which is a movement of radical women to free their lives from the stranglehold that male supremacy, as a tool of American capitalism, imposes on them.

Men, too, black and white, marched to demand that the Black Panther women and all other political prisoners be freed.

The women in jail in Connecticut are 6 of 13 Panthers who have spent 6 months imprisoned without a trial on charges of conspiracy, murder, and kidnapping. These are trumped-up charges being used by New Haven authorities in

an attempt to mask the political reasons behind the jailing. Black Panthers are a threat to the government as they expose the myths of America and call for 'power to the people' in practice, rather than merely as 'democratic' rhetoric.

Three of the Black Panther women imprisoned, Frances Carter, Loretta Luce, and Rose Smith, are pregnant and have been denied the right to physical exercise, fresh air and proper clothing. One of the women gained only 1 pound in the 6 months of her pregnancy spent in jail. The women have been unable to get any rest as lights have flooded their cells day and night. The state plans to take the babies from their mothers when they are born, denying the wishes of the Black Panther community to have the children reared in a Panther commune.

Women's Liberation supported their sisters not only as political prisoners but also as women oppressed by a society where women have no control of their bodies and the kind of care they are able to get for them.

During the rally following the march, five undercover cops tried to infiltrate the steps of the courthouse that the women were massed on, but were soon forced to leave by threats by the women.

The speakers at the rally were two Black Panther women and a woman from Women's Liberation. Cries of 'Right On' echoed in reply to exhortations to free all political prisoners, to demand power to the people, to demand a decent living for all people, and, in short, to make revolution in America now.



"PROWL CAR 29 THINKS HE JUST SEEN A SUSPECTED BLACK PANTHER CARRYIN' WHAT HE IMAGINES COULD BE A CONCEALED LETHAL WEAPON!"

## CENSORS

The Maryland State Board of Censors, the last remaining in the U.S., which recently successfully kept the Swedish political-libidinal film "I Am Curious - Yellow" from opening in Baltimore, lost an important battle last week. The Censor Board, headed by Margery Shriver, self-styled defender of Baltimore's morals, had requested thirty cuts in "Coming Apart," Milton Moses Ginsberg's first film, starring Rip Torn, Sally Kirkland (of off Broadway nude fame), and Viveca Lindfors. Specific sex scenes objected to involve fellatio, sado-masochism, anal intercourse, an orgy (also), a fantastic strip by a 16 year old, and knee-humping.

Kaleidoscope Films, a Gotham - based company which is one of New York's top producers of shorts, refused to make the cuts. J. F. Theaters, as a preliminary to taking the case to court, held a showing for a representative of the Maryland Attorney General's office, who surprised everyone involved by declining to try the case. It was clear, he stated, that J. F. Theaters would win their case - first of all, because "Coming Apart" was already playing uncut in D. C., and secondly because the film contained "too much social significance."

"Coming Apart," Kaleidoscope's first full-length effort, cost well under \$200,000 to make, and was filmed in three weeks. The film is an autobiographical account of a psychiatrist's nervous breakdown, seen from the voyeur's eye viewpoint of a camera hidden in the wall mirror of his apartment. This camera photographs the psychiatrist acting out his own sexual fantasies with various strange chicks, including patients, who happen by. This point of view contains as much relevance to Robbe-Grillet as it does to the stag film. Stuart Byron, of *Variety*, calls it "Warhol with actors." It is philosophically akin to Warhol, yes, but offers more content than camp.

"Coming Apart" will open next week, uncut, downtown at the Little Theater.



On Wednesday evening, Dec. 10, Spiro T. Agnew, Vice President of the silent minority, will be the main speaker and "guest of honor" at a \$50.00 a plate dinner being held at the "Blue Crest North", 401 Reisterstown Road in Pikesville. We believe his speech may be yet another attack on the Movement and on freedom of the press, especially in light of the My Lai massacre revelations. The Baltimore Moratorium Committee is calling for a mass demonstration at the Blue Crest North, a demonstration to "end the war and bring the troops home now" to "protest the massacres" to "protect the Bill Of Rights" and to "support the growing number of anti-war GI's." In October 10,000 people joined together in Hopkins Plaza for Baltimore's largest anti-war gathering to date. Let's make Dec. 10th even larger! Final details will be announced in the coming week.

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Oh, in the morning  
Feel like the sun  
Comin' up on daytime  
Shine on everyone  
Comin' up on darkness  
Warm me in your arms  
Let me know another lonely  
Day has come and gone.

Oh, happy river flowing  
Gently unto me  
Softly bring me music  
Listen to you sing  
Swiftly running, river flowing  
Will at last be free  
Oh, happy water wheel  
Roll gently over me

Oh, in the evening  
Feel alone at last  
All the things that daytime brings  
Roll gently in the past  
There is nothing left to see  
'Cept the stars and moon  
To let me know another lonely  
Day is coming soon



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## Brockett



Jamie Brockett, a Boston based folk singer, who is in the midst of recording his second album for Oracle Records, will be appearing here in concert on December 13th. Also on the bill with Jamie will be Bette White, one of the finest performers from this area.

The concert will be held at the Church of the Redeemer, which is located just above Belvedere Avenue on Charles St. Things will get underway at 8:30 and tickets cost \$2.50 in advance and \$3.00 at the door. The main outlet for advance tickets is the Crack of Dawn Folkcenter, 100 W. 25th St.

For those of you who have missed seeing Jamie Brockett perform, let us just say that he is excellent. His style is re-

## Coffeeshouses

By PETER GUZZINJA

Two new coffeeshouses will open here in December. The 'Red Dragon', an extension of the 'Crack of Dawn' will be located at 225 W. 25th St., a block away from the 'Crack' and will feature local and national talent. Bob Cadwalader, owner of the 'Crack' and the 'Red Dragon' and Editor of Folk Forum Magazine says he'll open the new place Dec. 15. Admission will be free on opening night and more information is to be had at 243-1718.

Another smaller, calmer scene will be at 236 E. 25th St. at the corner of Guilford. There we will see 'The Seed of Discovery', victims of a recent "pre-opening bust". Barry Sidle, missed in the bust, says the 'Seed' will open before Christmas anyway, and feature both local and national artists. Barry is equipped upstairs from the coffeeshouse with a full recording studio, so maybe some records will be coming out of Baltimore.

laxed, and he establishes a close rapport between himself and his audience. Most people in the Baltimore area are well aware of Bette White's fine performing, and her shows get better with each outing.

This concert is Baltimore's first venture into folk music on a large scale in some time. Your support for the success of this trial effort is needed, and you will enjoy a very fine evening in return.



about the time of Abraham (the sacrifice of the lamb) About the time of the rise of the Roman Empire, the sun entered the sign Pisces, the fishes and the Piscean Age began, so that early in this age Jesus of Nazareth lived.

**WHAT IS THE PISCAN AGE?** This age is identical with the Christian dispensation. It is a water sign and the Piscean Age has been distinctly the age of the fish and its element, water. Water, for instance, is the true symbol of purification - as in the rite of water baptism and the fish is noted as the symbol of Jesus The Christ. Indeed, the last 2,000 years have witnessed the intense exploration and utilization of this element -- water.

**WHAT IS THE AQUARIAN AGE?** Today, we are on the cusp of the Piscean Aquarian Age, the first influences of Aquarius being felt about 1875. Aquarius is an air sign and the New Age is already noted for remarkable inventiveness with air, electricity, magnetism, etc. The word Aquarius is from the Latin word Aqua (water). Aquarius is, however, the water bearer and the symbol of the sign, which is the eleventh sign of the zodiac, a man carrying in his right hand a pitcher of water.

Jesus referred to the beginning of the Aquarian Age in these words:

"And then the man who bears the pitcher will walk forth across an arc of heaven, the sign and signet of the Son of Man will stand forth in the eastern sky. The wise will then lift up their heads and know that the redemption of the earth is near."

The transfer of dominion from one age to another is an important event, manifesting itself through a tremendous outpour of spiritual force causing renewed interest in such fields as Astrology, Yoga, Meditation, Tarot, etc., and be evidenced in the general unrest in the youth throughout the world. It is indeed a time of change -- as the old gives way to the new, as man's thoughts turn to new horizons and his soul seeks new spiritual heights.

## ON THE AGES

The human race is today standing at the portals of what is known as the AQUARIAN AGE. It is sung about on Broadway, written about in *Playboy*, yet to many the tremendous impact of these two words has little meaning. For the critical reader wants straight answers to some legitimate questions. It is in this light that we have attempted to answer some of these questions.

**WHAT IS AN AGE?** Astronomers tell us that our sun and his family of planets revolve around a central sun, which is millions of miles distant and that it requires something less than 26,000 years to make one revolution. His orbit is called the ZODIAC, which is divided into twelve signs familiarly known as Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo, Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Capricorn, Aquarius and Pisces. It requires our solar system a little more than 2,100 years to pass through one of these signs and this time is the measurement of an age.

**EXACT TITLE OF THE BEGINNING OF AN AGE.** The sun entered the sign of Taurus in the days of our historic Adam when the Taurian Age (the bull) began (the Minoan Civilization, the golden calf and the Hindu's sacred bull) and moved into Aries, the ram.

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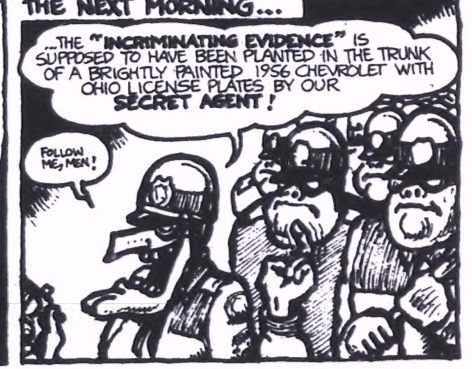
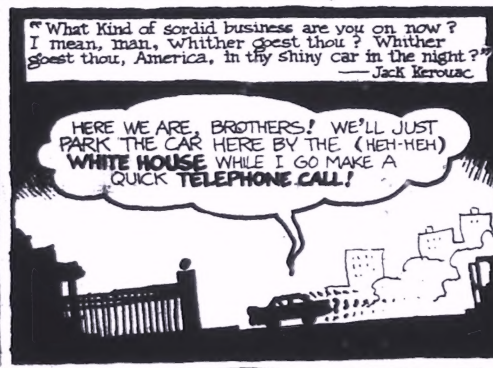
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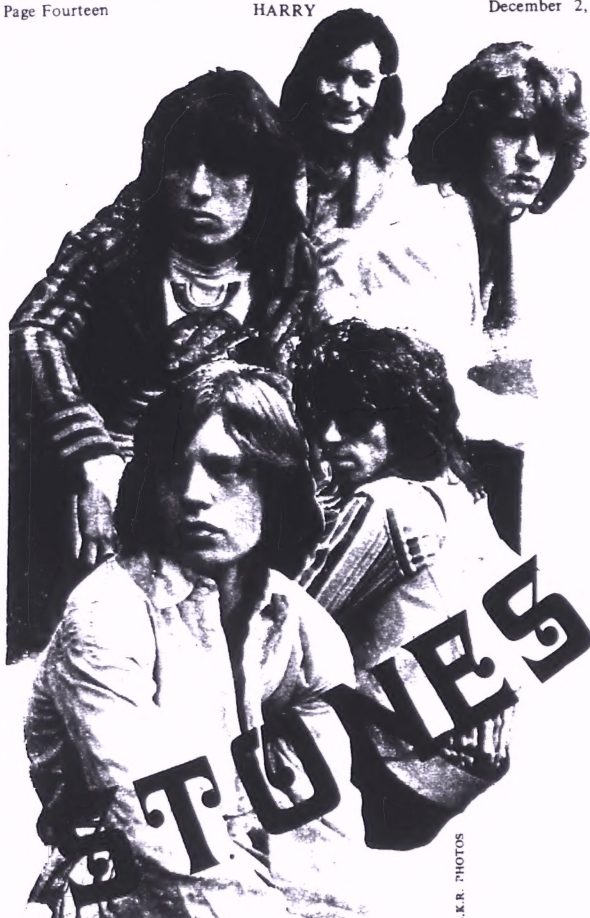


PHOTO: ripped off of ROLLING STONE

By MICHAEL HUNT

Jesus Christ! The Rolling Stones are coming to town! The place is sold out and there'll be riots and guns and mace and all sorts of shit going down!

Not so, baby, not so. Wednesday night at the Civic Center was all the evidence anyone could want that Baltimore is really waking up. I haven't seen so many smiles since Woodstock.

Seven o'clock p. m.

Oh well, Michael, you can afford one night of masochism. So I grabbed 75 copies of HARRY and ripped off 7 bucks from the petty cash drawer and went down to the Civic Center prepared for the distortion in store inside, if I could get in.

Outside, my shouts of "Buy your HARRY" and "Revolution's over, we won! Read it in HARRY!" were soon replaced with "anybody got a ticket they wanna sell!" "Hmmm Maybe I can get in the stage door."

"Hey son, you gotta gate pass?"

"No, I gotta write a review for this newspaper, can I get in this way? I'll even pay you the money."

"Sorry, we can't let you past."

Oh well, at least he was nice about it. And it's back out on the street again.

"Buy a HARRY!" "Anybody got a ticket they wanna sell?" and those two pieces of prose alternated 'til someone sold me a ticket.

"Far out! Thanx! No, keep the change! I'm just glad to get in!"

What's the ticket say? Section 25, Row H, Seat 11. Wow! that's way the hell in the back! That's OK, I won't be staying there long anyway.

"Don't sell those papers in there."

"Oh, Sure, I won't" and a little chick comes up and wants to buy a paper and I sell her one and the guy who told me not to smiles, shakes his head and

walks away.

So I went in and found my seat and someone was already sitting in it and that made me happy, 'cause I had a good excuse to go look for another seat. I found one way up front that somebody had barfed all over, and I told the usher that somebody barfed on my seat and I'd have to sit in the aisle and he said OK and I sat on the cement and Terry Reid came on the stage and played a set that you couldn't hear too well cause the sound system was shitty, but the people dug it anyway and the M'C' from Premere Attractions even invited them back for an encore, which sure turned my head around as I remembered the promoters' attitude at the Johnny Winter Show. I'd like to give a more analitical report on Terry Reid's music, but, as I said, you couldn't hear it well enough and besides I spent part of his set out in the halls selling papers to the ushers. Out there, a dozen or so of Baltimore's finest rushed past towards the main entrance, not one of them stopping to buy a paper. Remembering well learned experiences gathered by watching such great reporters such as Walter Winchell and Clark Kent, I concluded that there may be something newsworthy happening at the other end of that line of police. Cautiously, I followed, and from the balcony above the lobby, I think that's called a mezzanine, watched 75 or 80 people get chased out the front doors. I didn't see the cops hit anyone, but later learned that 26 kids got busted, one for possession. Then, a gendarme with an acrobatic club told me that the show had started and I should be in the arena and no he doesn't want to buy a newspaper, so, I went in and watched the rest of Terry Reid. Terry put out good vibes that even seemed to cover that air of

Contd. Page 15

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# Record Review

THE BAND - CAPITOL STAO 132

by APRIL STEYERT

The Band's new album 'The Band' on Capitol, proves that you can throw a lot of sounds together, if you've got talent, and come out with something new and interesting. Jaime Robbie Robertson, who gave us 'The Weight' on 'Music From Big Pink', has written all the cuts on this album.

We find a wide variety of sounds, on side one, ranging from 'Rag Mama Rag', a fifties Chuck Berry cut to 'Whispering Pines', a song which shows us the great influence which Bob Dylan had on this group. In fact, all the cuts on this album have that Dylan flavor from the 'Highway 61' era. 'The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down', my favorite on this side, is very moving and reminiscent of 'The Weight'. Robertson has once again made the strange combination of Blue Grass, Gospel, Jug Band and Blues come out sounding really beautiful. 'When You Awake' is similar in sound and feeling to 'The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down' but just doesn't come off as well, although it probably has more 'to say' to listeners. The other two cuts on this side, 'Up on Cripple Creek', which is currently being played on local stations, and 'Across the Great Divide' are very up, happy sounds; 'Divide' being more Jug Band in sound while 'Cripple Creek' is more Blue Grass.

Side 2 starts off with 'Jemima Surrender' which takes one back to early Rolling Stones, especially instrumentally. 'Rocking Chair' and 'Jawbone' are both down, Blue Grass, Jug Band, Blues sounds. 'Look Out Cleveland' is an up tune that I find really boring, it seems to go on forever. The last two cuts make up for it though. 'The Unfaithful Servant' reminds one vaguely of 'I Shall Be Released', with that same lazy sound. The Band's musical arrangement, if you can use those words with this group, is really great. 'King Harvest (Has Surely Come)', the last track on the album is interesting vocally.

The Band's album is a nice change from the screaming psychedelia currently

'the thing' with some groups. These men, The Band, have imagination and talent. The most unique thing being, the blending of a little of everything, Blues, Blue Grass, Gospel, Jug Band, and coming out with something fresh and interesting. If you didn't know better you'd think the whole thing was all ad lib. Though they may sound like several different groups on a few occasions, they still never completely lose their own identity. It will be very interesting to see what they come out with in their next album.

A MOST IMMACULATELY HIP ARISTOCRAT - LORD BUCKLEY [STRAIGHT, STS 1054]  
by: Allan Dale III

Lord Richard Buckley knew that life itself was life's most precious groove and he was pretty damned successful in not wasting any of his. Buckley lived at an incredible pace, discovering beauty, creating beauty, making excitement when there was none, disregarding restrictions and conventions... generally shaking up the establishment (left, right, and center.)

His trip was HUMANITY. His head was wild, his scene was about as far-out and beautiful as anyone can get, and his heart was wide open with love for all people. He dug gangsters, ghetto hipsters, hookers, politicians, musicians, beatniks (there were beatniks then,) and squares. He talked about people most of the time...people and life. He showed us just how strange the human animal is and how much alike all of us are...how easy it is to love one's neighbor. He once pointed out, "Love is the international understanding that each and every one of us has exactly the same problems to fight."

This, the latest Lord Buckley album, is being marketed almost 10 years after the Lord's death (in 1960.) However, the humor and incisive social commentary is still valid...perhaps even more so when you consider a track like "Governor Slugwell" in the light of a scene like Mayor Daley's Chicago.

His monologues live with the eloquence inherent in the tongue of the outcast, the artist, the Black, the young, or the dropout. In his reworking of Poe's "The Raven," enables the listener to live through a journey into a tortured head and to experience the mind's growing panic as it comes nearer the breaking point. "The Hip Einie" is about the "King of the Spaceheads" and chronicles his rise to the top via "the longest goof in the history of the far out wig stretch." It also deals with the creation of a device known as "the big heater" which could destroy mankind.

"The Bad Rapping Of The Marquis De Sade" and "The King Of The Bad Cats" are cleverly incisive, humorous efforts that point the finger directly at what's going down inside that "holier than thou", straight community.

"Slugwell" and "The Train" are penetrating closeups of a stark naked America. The God-flag-mom-apple pie world will seem a little different after you ride "The Train" to its totally unexpected destination or jive with old Sluggo Baby at one of his political rallies.

These tracks are not new but they are still valid today and it is interesting that Frank Zappa saw fit to release Lord Buckley's philosophical witicisms to a new generation via his own Straight label.

Is Elmore James

really Robert Johnson?

## Stones

Contd. from page 14

anticipation towards the main attraction.

B. B. King was, as always, 'the one and only B. B. King'. He played his guitar and sang and rapped and played and radiated and glowed and had the audience hold the rhythm thru most of his set, and the sound system was a little better. That guy's so diversified, he doesn't have to change all the time to keep your interest. He got called back for an encore and everyone seemed torn between not wanting him to leave and wanting the Stones to come on. Wouldn't it be neat if they'd have played together?

After B. B. King's set, (a free subscription to anyone who knows what 'B. B.' stands for) a guy with earphones came on the stage and rapped something about the equalization of the microphones being screwed up and promised if we'd be patient for about five minutes he'd take care of that and we were and they did and the M. C. guy came out and promised the Beatles next spring.

Then the Stones... Mick Jagger, waving an Uncle Sam hat, started into 'Jumpin' Jack Flash' and a thousand joints went up in smoke and every note and every word and every breath came through crystal clear. I didn't believe it! Right there in the murkiest hall since Montezuma, there was a terrific sound system! I even wandered all over the place, listening from way up front, way in back, way up top, way over to the side, and way upstairs, way downstairs, and it was even the same way out in the halls!

Satisfied with all that, I went back to my seat in the aisle and somebody passed me a joint and then another and then another and one more time and wiped outta my mind, I watched and listened to 'Oh, Carol' with Kieth Richards pickin' Chuck Berry lead guitar. He played all the lead guitar that night, and all the guitars on the album 'Let It Bleed'. The 2nd song 'Sympathy for the Devil', was played with drums instead of congo and the omegas on Jagger's shirt danced as much as he did.

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Oh, shit! There goes a teenybopper over the barricade and up to the stage. And here come the guards to drag her away. That's a drag, from both ways. I was hoping none of that shit would happen. Well, be thankful Michael, it only happened once. 'Stray Cat Blues' was a lot heavier 'live' than on 'Beggars Banquet' and everybody clapped hands and stamped feet, and somebody who wasn't clapping hands handed me another joint and Mick Jagger said, "I've come to live with you, would you come and live with me?" And he sang 'Live With Me' off 'Let It Bleed'. Then they had the balls to bring out an acoustic guitar. The Rolling Stones are going to play an acoustic guitar in a 'live' performance! You'll never hear a note! Not so, Michael, not so. The people became so quiet during 'Prodigal Son', Kieth didn't even need the microphone they put in front of his guitar.

Answering a knock on my left shoulder, I became the beneficiary of further intoxication, and after three or four more songs, on came the houselights and Jagger tells everyone to come up front and out into the aisles and dance and the cops shouldn't try to stop them, but should come up and dance too.

AND THEY DID!!! THE COPS WERE DANCING WITH THE HIPPIES AND MICK JAGGER CAME OUT INTO THE CROWD AND DANCED AND IT WAS THE MOST INCREDIBLE THING I'VE EVER SEEN!!!

All through 'Satisfaction', 'Honky Tonk Women', and 'Street Fighting Man' the ushers and cops and heads and everyone was dancing in the aisles at the Civic Center! And the show ended and everybody went outside where a hundred or so police stood around with nothing to do except direct traffic.

I wandered back to HARRY office and put the seven bucks back in the petty cash box and sat down to write about what had happened. But, sorry folks, it just doesn't come out on paper half as good as it happened. Something really nice is happening to Baltimore and I sure hope it continues.

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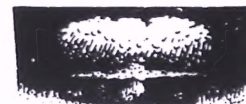
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# NOTHING EVER HAPPENS



## TUESDAY, DECEMBER 2

LECTURE and meditation - Bob Heironimus at Johns Hopkins Levering Hall 8:00pm

EXPERIMENTAL FILMS - Reel World Cinema, Park Plaza, Charles and Madison Sts. 7:30pm \$ .25

PLAY - "The Knack" at Center Stage, 11 E. North Ave. 8:30pm 685 - 5020

## WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 3

LECTURE - "Elliott Carter" at Peabody Conservatory, 1 E. Mt. Vernon Place Noon

SEMINAR in non-violence at Learning Action Center, 321 E. 25th St. 3rd floor

MEETING - Theosophical Society 525 N. Charles St.

LECTURE - "Sensitivity Micro-lab" at Aquarian Age Bookstore 811 N. Charles St. 8:00pm \$1

PLAY - "The Knack" see Dec. 2

PLAY - "Icarus' Mother" by Sam Shepherd at Corner Theatre Cafe, 853 N. Howard St. 9:00pm

## THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4

HEALING SERVICES - at Mt. Washington Methodist Church, Smith Ave. at Falls Road 10:00am

FOLK DANCING - at Johns Hopkins Levering Hall 8:00pm \$ .75

COMMUNITY SUPPER - at Learning Action Center 321 E. 25th St. 3rd floor 8:30pm Bring food to share.

PLAY - "Getting Married" by G. B. Shaw at Towson State College Theatre 8:30pm

Guests \$2, Students \$1.

PLAY - "The Knack" see Dec. 2

LECTURE - "Bill of Rights Day Convocation" at Morgan State College, Murphy Auditorium 11:00am

CONCERT - "M. M. Recital" at Peabody Cons., 1 E. Mt. Vernon Place 5:00pm

CONCERT - "D. M. A. Recital" Peabody Cons. 6:30pm

PROMENADE CONCERT - at Walters Art Gallery, 1 E. Mt. Vernon Place 12:30pm

## FRIDAY, DECEMBER 5

BABAJI KRIYA YOGA - Yogi S. A. A. Ramaiah at 6311 N. Charles St. 6:30pm Donation.

PLAY - "The Misanthrope" at Barn Theatre, Hopkins 8:30pm

CONCERT - "Maria Alba and Spanish Dancers" at Essex Community College 8:30pm

PLAY - "Getting Married" see Dec. 4

PLAY - "The Knack" see Dec. 2

CHAMBER MUSIC SERIES - Daniel Abrams, Conductor, Goucher College Center 8:30pm

PLAY - "Wanting" by Wallace Hamilton at Corner Theatre Cafe 853 Howard 9pm

FOLK - "Jonathon Pearthree" at Whitecellar, Chesapeake and Highland, Towson 8:30pm

FOLK - "Vos Cantu Monemus" at Son of Coffee Grounds, Roland Ave. and Oakdale Drive 8:30pm

# IN BALTIMORE!!

## SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6

PLAY - "The Misanthrope" see Dec. 5

PLAY - "The Knack" see Dec. 2

PLAY - "Getting Married" see Dec. 4

PLAY - "Wanting" see Dec. 5

FOLK - "Gregory Kihn" at Crossroads,

Loch Raven Blvd. and Woodbourn Ave.

8:30pm

## SUNDAY, DECEMBER 7

REMEMBER THE ALAMO

LECTURE - "Dr. Spock" at Pimlico High School

PLAY - "The Misanthrope" see Dec. 5

CONCERT - "Community Orchestra" at

C. C. B. Campus Theatre, 8:00pm

PLAY - "The Knack" see Dec. 2, also at

2:00pm

XMAS CONCERT - "Holly Tour" Prep

Chorus and Orchestra at Peabody Cons.

Concert Hall 2:30pm

CONCERT - "Piano - Cello Sonatas"

Manahem Pressler and B. Greenhouse at

Johns Hopkins Shriver Hall 2:30pm

ROCK - "Janis Joplin" and "Paul But-

terfield Blues Band" and "Joe Cocker

and the Grease Band" at the Civic Center 7:00pm

## MONDAY, DECEMBER 8

MEETING - "Moratorium Committee" at Johns Hopkins, Levering Hall 8:00pm

## TUESDAY, DECEMBER 9

LECTURE and meditation, see Dec. 2

PLAY - "Getting Married" see Dec. 4

FILMS - "Childbirth, The Great Adventure" and "Birthright" at North County Area Library, 1010 Eastway, Harundale, 7:30pm

CONCERT - "Phila. Orchestra" Zubin

Mahta, Cond. Lyric Theatre, Mt. Royal Ave.

EXPERIMENTAL FILMS - Reel World

Cinema, see Dec. 2

PLAY - "The Knack" see Dec. 2

## WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 10

LECTURE - Aquarian Age Bookstore

811 N. Charles St. 8:00pm

PLAY - "Getting Married" see Dec. 4

PLAY - "The Knack" see Dec. 2

PLAY - "Icarus' Mother" see Dec. 3

SEMINAR in non-violence, see Dec. 3

CONCERT - "War Requiem" Baltimore

Symphony Orchestra at Lyric Theatre

FILMS - "Childbirth, The Great Adventure" and "Birthright" at Oheb Shalom Congregation, 7310 Park Heights Ave. 8:00pm

## THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11

PLAY - "Illusions" at Essex Community College 8:00pm

PLAY - "Getting Married" see Dec. 4

FILMS - "Childbirth, The Great Adventure" and "Birthright" at Johns Hopkins Hospital Women's Clinic, Room 116

7:30pm

LECTURE - "Jazz and the World of Music" by Dr. Clarence A. Faulcon at

Morgan St. Col. Stud. Union Lounge

8:15pm

CONCERT - "War Requiem" see Dec. 10

HEALING SERVICES - see Dec. 4

FOLK DANCING - see Dec. 4

COMMUNITY SUPPER - see Dec. 4

## FRIDAY, DECEMBER 12

PLAY - "Illusions" see Dec. 11

PLAY - "The Knack" see Dec. 2

PLAY - "Getting Married" see Dec. 4

PLAY - "Wanting" see Dec. 5

BABAJI KRIYA YOGA - see Dec. 5

FILMS - by Stan Brakhage at Personal

Cinema Group, Md. Inst. Mt. Royal Sta.

8:00pm Admission by Membership or, if

room, tickets at door

FOLK - "Warmth" at Son of Coffee

Grounds, Roland Ave and Oakdale Dr.

8:30pm

## SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13

PLAY - "Illusions" see Dec. 11

PLAY - "Getting Married" see Dec. 4

PLAY - "The Knack" see Dec. 2

PLAY - "Wanting" see Dec. 5

XMAS DANCE at C. C. B. Cafeteria, 8pm

CONCERT - "The Messiah" performed

by the Morgan St. Col. Choir and the

Morgan Chorale with the Baltimore Sym.

Orch. at Lyric Theatre 8:30pm \$1 & \$3

FILMS - "Childbirth, The Great Adventure" and "Birthright" at United Methodist Ch., Chas. and Mt. Vernon Pl. 2pm

FOLK CONCERT - "Jamie Brockett" and "Bette White" at Church of the Redeemer, Melrose Ave. and Charles St. 8:30pm

## SUNDAY, DECEMBER 14

XMAS CONCERT - at C. C. B. Campus

Theatre, 8:00pm to 11:00pm

CONCERT - "The Md. Symphonette" at

Morgan St. Col. Murphy Aud. 8:15pm

CONCERT - "Peabody Wind Ensemble" at

Peabody Cons. Concert Hall 8:30pm

COFFEEHOUSE OPENING - "Red Dragon" at 225 W. 25th St. 8:30pm FREE 243 - 1718

## MONDAY, DECEMBER 15

LECTURE - "Religion in Life Program" at

Morgan St. Col. Stud. Union Lounge

11:00am

FASHION SHOW - at Gentlemen II 225

N. Liberty St. 10:00pm

MEETING - Moratorium Committee at

Johns Hopkins Levering Hall 8:00pm

TO HAVE ITEMS INCLUDED IN THE  
CALENDAR, call 243-2150, or write  
CALENDAR  
"HARRY"  
233 E. 25th Street  
Baltimore, Md. 21218

FREE KIM AGNEW